"ALIEN"

by

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and

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Based on screenplay

by

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Story by

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"ALIEN"

FADE IN

SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE:

INT. ENGINE ROOM 1

Empty, cavernous.

INT. ENGINE CUBICLE 2

Circular, jammed with instruments.
All of them idle.
Console chairs for two.
Empty.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - " C " LEVEL 2-A

Long, dark.
Empty.
Turbos throbbing.
No other movement.

INT. CORRIDOR - "A" LEVEL 2-B

Long, empty.

INT. INFIRMARY - "A" LEVEL 2-C

Distressed ivory walls.
All instrumentation at rest.

INT. CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE - "A" LEVEL 3

Black, empty.

INT. BRIDGE 4

Vacant.
Two space helmets resting on chairs.
Electrical hum.
Lights on the helmets begin to signal one another.
Moments of silence.
A yellow light goes on.
Data mind bank in b.g.
Electronic hum.
A green light goes on in front of one helmet.
Electronic pulsing sounds.
A red light goes on in front of other helmet.
An electronic conversation ensues.
Reaches a crescendo.
Then silence.
The lights go off, save the yellow.

INT. CORRIDOR TO HYPERSLEEP VAULT 4-A

Lights come on.
Seven gowns hang from the curved wall.
Vault door opens.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT 5

Explosion of escaping gas.
The lid on a freezer pops open.
Slowly, groggily, KANE sits up.
Pale.
Kane rubs the sleep from his eyes.
Stands.
Looks around.
Stretches.
Looks at the other freezer compartments.
Scratches.
Moves off.

INT. GALLEY 6

Kane plugs in a Silex.
Lights a cigarette.
Coughs.
Grinds some coffee beans.
Runs some water through.

KANE
Rise and shine, Lambert.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT 7

Another lid pops open.
A young woman sits up.

LAMBERT
What time is it.

KANE
(voice over)
What do you care.

INT. GALLEY 8

Pot now half-full.
Kane watches it drip.
Inhales the fragrance.

KANE
Now Dallas and Ash.
(calls out)
Good morning Captain.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Where's the coffee.

8 Cont.

KANE
Brewing.

LAMBERT walks into the kitchen.
Pours herself a cup.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT 9

Two more lids pop open.
A pair of men sit up.
Look at each other.

INT. GALLEY 10

Kane enjoys a freshly-brewed cup.

KANE
Ripley...

The sound of another lid opening.

KANE
Parker.

Another moment.
And then the sound of another lid opening.

KANE
And if we have Parker, can
Brett be far behind.

Lid opening sound.

KANE
Right.

INT. HYPERSLEEP VAULT 11

DALLAS looks at his groggy circus.

DALLAS
One of you jokers get the cat.

RIPLEY picks a limp cat out of one of the compartments.

INT. MESS 12

The crew of the United States commercial starship Nostromo seated around a table.

Dallas.....Captain
Kane.....Executive Officer
Ripley.....Warrant Officer
Ash.....Science Officer

Cont.

12 Cont.

Lambert.....Navigator
Parker.....Engineer
Brett.....Engineering Technician
Jones.....Cat

Five men and two women: Lambert and Ripley.

LAMBERT
Jesus am I cold.

PARKER
Still with us, Brett.

BRETT
Yo.

RIPLEY
Lucky us.

They yawn, stretch, shiver.
Dallas looks over at a flashing yellow light.

KANE
I feel dead.

Kane is not yet fully awake.
Yawns.

PARKER
You look dead.

ASH
Nice to be back.

PARKER
Before we dock maybe we'd better go over the bonus situation.

BRETT
Yeah.

PARKER
Brett and I think we deserve a full share.

DALLAS
You two will get what you contracted for. Just like everybody else.

BRETT
Everybody else gets more than us.

Cont.

DALLAS
Everybody else deserves more than you two.

ASH
Mother wants to talk to you.

DALLAS
I saw it. Yellow light for my eyes only...Now, everybody hit their stations.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM ANNEX 13

Floor to ceiling data banks.
Another flashing yellow light.
Dallas enters.
Runs through access procedure.
Inner door opens.
Dallas moves to the console chair.
Sits.
Dallas punches the keyboard.

Legend on the screen:	ALERT OVERMONITORING FUNCTION FOR MATRIX DISPLAY AND INQUIRY
Mother prints out:	OVERMONITOR ADDRESS MATRIX (columns of categories beneath)
Dallas picks one and types out:	COMMAND PRIORITY ALERT
Mother replies:	OVERMONITOR FUNCTION READY FOR INQUIRY
Dallas:	WHAT'S THE STORY MOTHER

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE 14

Above eye level the room is rigged by viewscreens.
All of them blank.
Kane, Ripley, Lambert and Ash enter.
Dallas' seat remains empty.
All of them now dressed; they find their way to individual consoles.
Ripley puts down the cat, straps herself into the high-backed chair.

KANE
Plug us in.

Cont.

14 Cont.

All three crew members begin throwing switches.
The control room starts to come to life.
Colored lights flicker.
Chase each other across glowing screens.

KANE
Give us something to look at.

Lambert presses a bank of switches.
Viewscreens glimmer into life.

LAMBERT
Take a look at this.

On each screen, blackness speckled with stars.

LAMBERT
Where's Earth.

KANE
You're the navigator.

RIPLEY
That's not our system.

KANE
Scan.

Lambert hits several toggles.
On the screens the images begin to drift.

ANGLE ON ONE OF THE SCREENS 15

A moving image of a starfield.

EXT. NOSTROMO 16

The Factory Starship lumbering within the depths of inter-stellar space.
Function: Petroleum tanker and Refinery.
Capacity: 2000,000,000 tons.
Length: One and one half kilometers.
Battered exterior encrusted with dark sludge.

INT. BRIDGE 17

Lambert pores over charts.
Consults her console.
Puzzled.

KANE
Contact traffic control.

Cont.

Ripley switches on her transmission unit.

RIPLEY
This is commercial vessel Nostromo out of Houston. Registration number 180246, calling Antarctica Traffic Control. Do you read me? Over.

Nothing but the hiss of static.

RIPLEY
Nothing.

KANE
Keep trying.

Turns to Lambert.
Ripley attempting transmission in b.g.

KANE
You got a reading yet.

LAMBERT
We're way out in the boondocks here...

KANE
Keep trying.

LAMBERT
Working on it.

Eureka.

LAMBERT
Found it. Just short of Zeta II Reticuli. We haven't even reached the outer rim yet.

KANE
Hard to believe.

LAMBERT
What the hell are we doing out here.

KANE
What are you talking about.

RIPLEY
It's not our system.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

Giant reactor system purring smoothly.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE 18

Parker and Brett in a glass cubicle.
Each having a beer.
Huge power-plant stretching before them.
All units on automatic hyper-drive.
Parker hits a switch above his desk.
A green light goes on.

PARKER
How's your light.

BRETT
Green.

PARKER
Mine too.

They both take a swig.
Suddenly the beeper signal begins.

PARKER
Christ. What is it now.

BRETT
Right.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
Report to the mess.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR "C" LEVEL 19

PARKER
I want to know why they never come down here. This is where the work is.

BRETT
Same reason we have half a share to their one, our time is their time, that's the way they see it.

PARKER
Well, I'll tell you something... it stinks.

They move towards the companionway, leading up to "B" level.

9
X
20

INT. MESS

Entire crew present.

DALLAS
Some of you may have figured out that we're not home. We're only halfway back to Earth.

BRETT
What the hell.

DALLAS
Mother's interrupted the course of the voyage.

KANE
Why?

DALLAS
She's programmed to do that if certain conditions arise. They have...

Pause.

DALLAS
Seems Mother intercepted a transmission of unknown origin. She got us up to check it out.

RIPLEY
Transmission? Out here?

LAMBERT
What kind of transmission?

Cont.

20 Cont.

DALLAS
An acoustic beacon. It repeats at intervals of 12 seconds.

X

KANE
Is it an S.O.S.

DALLAS
Unknown.

RIPLEY
Human.

DALLAS
Unknown.

BRETT
So what.

KANE
We're obligated under Section B2...

PARKER
Christ. I hate to say this but we're a commercial ship not a rescue team. This kind of duty's not in our contract...but if it's for some money...

ASH
You better read your contract. Any systematized transmission indicating possible intelligent origin must be investigated. At penalty of total forfeiture.

Dallas gives Parker and Brett a look.

DALLAS
We're going in, that's it.

Brett knows when to ease up.

BRETT
Right, we're going in.
(smiles)
Sir.

Dallas turns to Ash.

DALLAS
Can we land on it.

Cont.

11 - X
20 Cont.1

ASH
Somebody did.

DALLAS
That's what I mean.

OUT 20-A

INT. BRIDGE 21

Dallas, Kane, Ripley and Ash stand around the illuminated map table.
Lambert sits at the radio directional console.

DALLAS
Okay. Let's all hear it.

Nods at Lambert.
She switches on the audio system.
Hissing.
Static. Then...
An ungodly sound.
Eight seconds worth.

KANE
Good God.

Static.
Lambert switches off the loudspeakers.

RIPLEY
What the hell is it. It doesn't sound like any radio signal I've ever heard.

LAMBERT
Maybe it's a voice.

Disturbing moment.

DALLAS
We'll know soon.
(looks at Lambert)
Have you homed in on it.

LAMBERT
I've found the quadrant. We're close. It's coming from ascension 6 minutes 20 seconds, declination minus 39 degrees 2 seconds.

DALLAS
Show me that on a screen.

Cont.

Lambert punches buttons. One of the viewscreens flickers, and a small dot of light appears.

DALLAS
Can you get it a little closer.

LAMBERT
No, you have to look at it from this distance. That's what I'm going to do.

The screen zooms to a small planetoid.

DALLAS
Smart ass.

LAMBERT
That's it. Planetoid. Diameter 1200 kilometers.

KANE
Tiny.

DALLAS
Any rotation.

LAMBERT
Yeah. 'Bout two hours.

DALLAS
Gravity?

LAMBERT
Point eight six.

ASH
You can walk on it...

EXT. NOSTROMO - MODEL 22

moving within range of the planet.

LAMBERT
(voice over)
Approaching orbital apogee. Mark. 20 seconds. Nineteen. Eighteen...

Continues to count down.

KANE
(voice over)
Roll 92 degrees starboard yaw.

Cont.

12-A
X
22 Cont.

High above the planet.
The factory ship rotates.
Engines fire briefly.

INT. BRIDGE 23

ASH
Equatorial orbit nailed.

EXT. NOSTROMO 23-A

Now within the planet's orbit.
The planet rolling by underneath.

INT. BRIDGE 24

DALLAS
Give me an EC Pressure reading.

ASH
3.45 n/c m^2 (5 psia).

DALLAS
Shout if it changes.

ASH
You worried about redundancy management disabling CMGS control.

DALLAS
Yeah.

ASH
CMG control is inhibited via DAS/DCS. We'll augment with TACS and monitor through ATMDC and computer interface. Feel better?

DALLAS
A lot. Prepare to disengage from platform.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE 24-A

PARKER
L alignment on port and starboard is green.

BRETT
Green on spinal umbilicus severance.

INT. BRIDGE 24-B

LAMBERT
Crossing the terminator. Entering night side.

EXT. NOSTROMO 25

Below, night's curtain rolls across the sphere's surface.

INT. BRIDGE 26

LAMBERT
It's coming up. It's coming up. Stand by. Stand by. Fifteen seconds...Ten...Five. Four. Three. Two. One. Lock.

DALLAS
Disengage.

EXT. NOSTROMO 27

The tug disengages from the platform.

INT. BRIDGE 28

Dallas watches the refinery moving away on a view screen.

RIPLEY
Umbilicus clear.

KANE
Precession corrected.

DALLAS
Okay. The money's safe. Let's take it down.

EXT. NOSTROMO 29

The tug begins its arc toward the dark surface.

INT. BRIDGE 29-A

LAMBERT
Dropping. 50,000 meters. Down. Down. 49,000 meters. Entering atmosphere.

Jones sits on window platform and watches cloud approaching.

EXT. NOSTROMO 29-B

The ship drops into the thick cloud layer.

INT. BRIDGE 30

RIPLEY
Turbulence.

DALLAS
Navigation lights on.

EXT. NOSTROMO 31

Tug-module hydroplaning downward.
A set of brilliant lights switch on.
Cut through the thick atmosphere.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE 32

Parker and Brett strapped in their seats. Begin rocking from the sudden, extreme turbulence.

PARKER
What was that.

BRETT
Pressure drop in intake 3. Must've lost a shield.
(punches buttons, checks his gauges)
Yep. 3's gone. Dust pouring in the intake.

PARKER
Shut her down, shut her down.

BRETT
What do you think I'm doing.

PARKER
We've got an engine full of dust.

BRETT
I'll bypass it and vent the stuff back out.

PARKER
What the hell are we going through. If we don't crash, dollars to your aunt's cherry we get an electrical fire.

INT. BRIDGE 33

The turbulence continues unabated. Lambert's eyes follow cross-plot gauges.

LAMBERT
Approaching point of origin. Closing at 20 kilometers, 15 and slowing. Ten. Five. We're directly above the source of the transmission.

DALLAS
What's the terrain.

LAMBERT
Something coming up. Looks good. There. Flat. It'll do. Mark.

Cont.

DALLAS
Let's go with it. Take her down.

LAMBERT
Drop begins...now. Fifteen kilometers and dropping... twelve...ten...eight and slowing. Five. Three. Two. One kilometer and slowing.

DALLAS
Activate lifter quads.

33 Cont

A throb of jets.

KANE
Quads on.

DALLAS
Kill drive engines.

The main engines fall silent.

LAMBERT
Nine hundred meters and dropping.
Eight hundred. Seven hundred.

EXT. PLANET - NIGHT 34

Storm blowing across the night-shrouded surface.
The Nostromo hovers on glowing beams of light.
Landing struts unfold like insect legs.
The ship slams down.
Rocks heavily on massive shock absorbers.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 35

RIPLEY
We're down.

Cont.

35 Cont.

An enormous vibration.
The panels in the room flash simultaneously.
Lights go out.

KANE
Lost it. Lost it.

INT. ENGINE ROOM 36

Another huge vibration.
An electrical fire breaks out along three control panels.

OUT 36-A

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE 37

Parker and Brett see the pandemonium below.
Brett hits the secondary generator switch.
A pressure valve blows.
Another conduit breaks loose.
All lights go out.
They grab hand lights from wall.

INT. BRIDGE 38

Still in darkness.

LAMBERT
Secondary generator should kick over.

KANE
Where is it.

Moments. Nothing. Kane grabs emergency headlamp from facia.
Followed by Dallas and Lambert.

DALLAS
What happened.

Ripley hits the voice-amp.

RIPLEY
Engine room, what happened.

PARKER
(voice over)
Goddamn dust in the engines, that's what happened. Electric fire.

BRETT
(voice over)
It's big.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE 39

Parker fighting an electrical fire on one of his panels.
Brett shouting into his voice-amp.

BRETT
The intakes are clogged. We overheated and burned out a whole cell...Christ, it's really breaking loose down here...

INT. BRIDGE 40

DALLAS
Somebody give me a simple answer. Has the hull been breached.

Ripley scans her gauges.

RIPLEY
I don't see anything. We've still got pressure.

A beep from the communicator.

DALLAS
Hit the screen.

Kane snaps three toggles.
The screens flicker, but remain black.

KANE
Nothing.

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT 41

The wind sounds.
Storm continues to blow around the craft.
A few glittering lights distinguish the Nostromo from absolute darkness.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE 42

Parker on the communicator to the bridge.

PARKER
4 panel is totally shot, the secondary load sharing unit is out, at least three cells on 12 module are gone.

INT. BRIDGE 43

Ripley listening to Parker.
Dallas standing over her.
No images on any screens.

43 Cont.

RIPLEY
Is that it.

PARKER
(voice over)
Couldn't fix it out here anyway. And we need to reroute a couple of these ducts. Can't really fix them without a whole drydock...

DALLAS
What else.

PARKER
(voice over)
We lost a cell. Some fragments caked up and blew the whole system. We've got to clean it all out and repressurize.

BRETT
(voice over)
Right.

RIPLEY
Get started on 4 panel. I'll be down in five minutes.

She shuts off voice communicator.

DALLAS
How long before we're functional.

RIPLEY
Fifteen to twenty hours...

DALLAS
Stay on it. What about the auxiliaries.

LAMBERT
Working on it.

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT 44

Bridge lights come to life.
Illuminate nothing but a patch of featureless ground.
The wind and storm now at a higher pitch.

OUT 45

INT. BRIDGE 46

Dallas, Kane, Lambert and Ash.
Slouched around the bridge.
Drinking coffee.
Occasionally staring at the opague screens.

DALLAS
Any response yet.

ASH
Nothing but the same transmission every thirty-two seconds. All the other channels are dead.

Pause.

DALLAS
Kick on the floods.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP 46-A

A ring of floodlights comes to life.
Dimly illuminating the rocky landscape.
The wind and dust now at a higher pitch.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 46-B

Dallas stares out the windows at the swirling storm, illuminated by the external floodlights.

KANE
We can't go anywhere in this.

ASH
Mother says the sun's coming up in about twenty minutes.

DALLAS
How far from the source of the transmission.

ASH
Northeast...about 3000 meters.

KANE
Close enough to walk to.

DALLAS
Can you run an atmospheric.

Ash punches buttons, starts to consult his panel.

Cont.

Ash punches buttons, starts to consult his panel.

ASH
Almost primordial. Inert nitrogen. A high concentration of carbon dioxide crystals. Methane. And ammonia, also frozen...I'm working on the trace elements.

DALLAS
Pressure.

ASH
Ten to the fourth dynes per square centimeter.

KANE
Moisture content.

ASH
98.p.p. It's wet. With high vapor content.

DALLAS
Anything else.

ASH
Rock, lava base. Deep cold... well below the line.

KANE
I volunteer for the first group going out.

DALLAS
I hear you. Lambert. You too.

Pause.

LAMBERT
Swell.

DALLAS
One more thing. Let's get out some weapons.

OUT 47

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE 48

Parker and Brett laser welding one of the ducts.
Shirts off.
Sweat steaming.

Cont.

48 Cont.

Ripley rewiring one of the panels.
Parker shuts down the laser, inspects the fusion.

PARKER
Hey Ripley, I got a question.

RIPLEY
Yeah.

PARKER
Do we get to go out on the expedition or are we stuck here until everything's fixed.

RIPLEY
You know the answer to that.

BRETT
What about the shares in case they find anything.

RIPLEY
Don't worry, you'll both get what's coming to you.

BRETT
I'm not doing any more work unless we get full shares.

RIPLEY
You're guaranteed by law that you'll get a share...Now both of you knock it off and get back to work.

Parker looks at her.
Snaps on the laser weld.
Starts to join another section of the duct.

BRETT
Right.

INT. MAIN AIR LOCK - DAWN 49

Dallas, Kane and Lambert enter the lock.
All wear gloves, boots, jackets.
Carry laser pistols.
Kane touches a button.
Servo whine.
Then the inner door slides quietly shut.
The trio pull on their helmets.

DALLAS
I'm sending. Do you hear me.

Cont.

49 Cont

KANE
Receiving.

LAMBERT
Receiving.

Lambert isn't happy.

DALLAS
All right. Keep away from the weapons unless I say otherwise.

INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAWN 50

Ash descends companionway to blister.
Punches up screens and instrumentation.

INT. MAIN AIR LOCK - DAWN 51

DALLAS
Open outer hatch.

Another servo whine.
Ponderously, the outer lock hatch slides open.
Clouds of dust and steam swirl before the three crew member
A mobile gangway slides out the open hatch.
Burnt orange sunlight beyond.

EXT. PLANET - DAWN 52

The trio walk down the gangplank.
Arrive at surface level.
Their feet striking onto a thick layer of lava rock.
The wind at gale force.

DALLAS
Which way.

LAMBERT
Over here.

DALLAS
You lead.

Lambert walks into the storm.
Followed closely by the others.

LAMBERT
Now I can't see a goddamn thing.

ASH
(voice over)
Turn on the finder. It's tuned to the transmission. Let it lead you.

DALLAS
It's on...Ash are you receiving.

INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAWN 53

Ash leaning over his console.
Watches them beneath him.
Corresponding images on the screen in front of him.

ASH
See you. Read you. Good contact on my board.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Getting you clear and free. Let's keep the line open.

EXT. PLANET - DAWN 54

The three crew members push their way along.
Like divers at the bottom of a dark sea.
The wind and dust continues driving down in dark sheets.
Lambert repeats.

LAMBERT
Can't see more than three meters in any direction.

KANE
Quit griping.

LAMBERT
I like griping.

DALLAS
Come on.

LAMBERT
What a wonderful little place. Totally unspoiled.

They wade on, following Lambert.
She abruptly halts.
Confused.

INT. BLISTER - DAWN 55

Ash watches his viewscreens intently. X

LAMBERT
(voice over)
I've got it again.

ASH
Any problems.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Yeah. A lot of dust and wind. Starting to get some fade on the beam.

22
X
56

EXT. PLANT - DAWN

The trio moves through a dark limo.

LAMBERT
This way.

Lambert indicates left.
Moves in that direction.
The others follow.
The storm growing.

KANE
I'm losing it.

They approach a towering rock formation.
The transmission dies out.

LAMBERT
It's gone again.

They shelter under a grotesque rock.
Storm shrieks round them.

KANE
Now we're really blind.

DALLAS
Should be dawn soon.

Dallas adjusts headset.

DALLAS
Ash. If you hear me. How long until daylight.

Some static.

ASH
(voice over)
Sun's coming up in about ten minutes.

KANE
We should be able to see something then.

LAMBERT
Or the other way around.

Something to think about while waiting.

INT. BLISTER - DAWN

56-A

Ash checking instruments.

EXT. THE NOSTROMO - SUNRISE 57

Atmosphere turning the color of blood.
Then the sun is up.

INT. ENGINE CUBICLE 58

Brett and Parker still at work.
Ripley moves away from her panel in triumph...

RIPLEY
You ought to be able to handle the rest.

PARKER
Don't worry.

RIPLEY
If you run into trouble, I'll be on the bridge.

BRETT
Right.

She leaves.

PARKER
Bitch.

EXT. PLANET - DAY 58-A

The three figures stand and move away from the rock formati
There is enough daylight to see where they are walking.
The signal begins to fade in again.

INT. BLISTER - DAY 59

Ash watches video images of the three.
Now moving again.

Ripley's voice comes over.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
How's it going.

INT. BRIDGE 60

Ripley at her console.

ASH
(voice over)
All right.

RIPLEY
Have you tried putting the transmission through ECIU.

Cont.

60 Cont.

ASH
(voice over)
Mother hasn't identified it
as yet. X

RIPLEY
I'll give it a shot.

ASH
(voice over)
Be my guest.

She punches some buttons.
The noise is now heard on her speaker.

EXT. PLANET - DAY 61

Dust clearing.
Three tiny figures against the landscape.

EXT. PLANET - DAY 62

Empty landscape.
Then Kane comes up over a rise startled by what he sees.
Suddenly the transmission is deafening.

KANE
Jesus Christ.

Dallas and Lambert join him equally startled.

THEIR P.O.V. - DAY 63

A gargantuan spaceship rising from the rock.
Clearly of nonhuman manufacture.

EXT. PLANET - DAY 64

Noise still at shrill pitch.
All members of the party shouting into their voice amps.

KANE
Some kind of spaceship.

LAMBERT
Are you sure. It's weird...

DALLAS
Ash, can you see this.

INT. ASH'S BLISTER - DAY 65

Ash looking at the craft on a screen.

Cont.

65 Cont.

ASH
Yeah. Never seen one like it.
Neither has Mother.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Keep looking for enhancement.

ASH
Whatever the transmission is,
it's inside that.

KANE
(voice over)
I'll go in and have a look.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Hold on. Ash, I don't see any
lights or movements. Do you.

ASH
I can't get any reading.

EXT. PLANET - DAY 66

ASH
(voice over)
It's putting out so much power
I just can't get any reading.

Dallas shuts off his receiver.
Sudden quiet.
A long moment.

DALLAS
It looks pretty dead from here.
We'll approach the base.

They move toward the ship.

INT. BLISTER - DAY 67

X

Ash readjusts his instrumentation.

DALLAS
(voice over)
There's only one thing I can...

Dallas' voice fades in and out.
As do their images on the viewscreens.

Cont.

67 Cont.

ASH
Dallas...
(frantically punches buttons on the console)
Dallas...Do you read me.

No reply.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY 67-A

Ripley is running the transmission through ECIU.
Over the speakers Dallas' voice fades in.

DALLAS
(voice over)
No sign of life. No lights...
No movement...

She studies a long series of binary programs...

DALLAS
(voice over)
We're beneath the base.

His voice fades into static.
Disappears.

CUT TO:

EXT. DERELICT - DAY 68

The lower part of the entrance filled with dust and pumice.

KANE
Looks like an entrance.

DALLAS
Yeah...Let's move inside...

They climb up to one of the apertures and enter.

INT. CHAMBER - DAY 69

They move into a high-ceilinged chamber.
Ghostly light filters dust-filled air.
A few meters in an opening appears.
Dallas leans over and looks into the hole.
Only blackness.
He unclips the light from his belt.
Shines it down into the hole.

DALLAS
It just goes down...smooth walls.
I can't see the bottom, light
won't reach.

Cont.

69 Cont

Kane and Lambert come over.
Dallas begins unclipping gear from his belt.

DALLAS
Let's take a look around here first.

Kane and Lambert exchange a glance.
Dallas shines his light about, sees...
A large, glossy urn, tan coloration.
Round opening at the top, empty within.
Then Dallas shines his light on nearby wall.....
Moves closer.

DALLAS
Over here.

They approach.
Train their lights along the floor.
A machine.
On the mechanism, a small bar moves steadily back and forth.
Sliding noiselessly in the grooves.

KANE
Still functioning.

Lambert looks down at her direction finder.

LAMBERT
Automatic recording.

Dallas snaps it off.

DALLAS
Now for a look down below.
(looks at Kane)
This is your big chance.

KANE
Okay.

DALLAS
Don't unhook yourself from the cable. Be out in less than ten minutes. Read me.

KANE
Aye aye.

Dallas rigs a tripod across the opening in the floor.
Unspools a couple feet of wire.
Kane attaches the end of it to his chest unit.

Cont.

69 Cont.1

Climbs over the lip and drops into the hole.
Now hanging by the wire...
Head and shoulders out of the opening.
Kane activates the climbing unit.
Lowers himself into the fissure.

INT. SHAFT OPENING 70

Kane braces his feet against the wall of the vertical shaft.
Switches on his light, points it into the depths.
The beam penetrates only thirty feet or so, then is lost in darkness.

KANE
Hotter in here. Warm air rising from below.

He starts down, playing out the line.
Descending in short leaps.
Stops to catch his breath.
Breathing rasping loudly in his helmet.
A little light filters from above.
Looking up, Kane can see the mouth of the hole...
A glowing spot.

DALLAS
(voice over)
You okay in there.

KANE
Haven't hit bottom yet.
This is work. Can't talk now.

He kicks off and continues down.
Taking longer and longer hops as he gains confidence.
Pausing for a moment to regain his breath, he shines the light on his instruments.

KANE
I'm below ground level.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY 71

Ripley at her console, still working on transmission.
Gets a readout.
Looks worried.
Speaks into communicator.

RIPLEY X
Ash. Urgent. Mother has deciphered part of the transmission. I'm afraid it may not be an S.O.S.

Cont.

ASH
(voice over)
Then what is it.

RIPLEY
She thinks it may be a warning.

A beat.
Continuing static.

RIPLEY
We've got to get through to them. Right away.

ASH
(voice over)
It's no use. Once they went inside we lost them completely.

Pause.

RIPLEY
I'm going out after them.

ASH
(voice over)
I don't think so. We can't spare the personnel. We've got minimum takeoff capability right now. That's why Dallas left us on board.

RIPLEY
I still think we should go after them.

ASH
(voice over)
What's the point. In the time it takes to get there. They'll know if it's a warning.

Ripley looks steadily at Ash on her monitor.
His screen, not visible to her, shows blowup of helmeted, skeletal head. Not human.

INT. DERELICT CARGO HOLD 72

Kane resumes his downward climb.
Suddenly, his feet lose their purchase as the walls of the shaft disappear.
The tunnel has reached its end.
Below him is dark, cavernous space.
Deep breaths due to his violent exertion.

DALLAS
(voice over)
See anything.

KANE
No...Cave or something below me. Feels like the goddamn tropics in here...

He consults his instruments.
Helmet instrumentation strobing softly in the darkness.

72 Cont.

KANE
...high nitrogen content, no oxygen...

Still puffing, he releases his purchase on the stone walls.
Begins to lower himself on power.
Now Kane is dangling free in darkness.
Spinning slowly on the wire as the chest unit unwinds.
Then his feet hit bottom.
Kane grunts in surprise, almost loses his balance.
He flashes his suit lights.
The beams reveal that he is in a large hold.
Row after row of extrusions stretch from floor to ceiling.

KANE
This is weird.

DALLAS
(voice over)
What do you mean.

KANE
There's something all over the walls.

Kane walks across the chamber.
Examines the organic protrusions.

INT. CHAMBER - ABOVE 73

Dallas and Lambert.

DALLAS
How long till sunset.

LAMBERT
Twenty minutes.

A look from Lambert.

INT. HOLD 74

Kane approaches the center of the room.
On the floor are rows of leathery ovoid shapes.
He walks around them.
Shines his light on one.

KANE
It's like some kind of storage area. Is anybody there. Do you read me.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Loud and clear.

Cont.

74 Cont

KANE
The place is full of leathery things. Like the one up above ...They seem to be sealed.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Can you see what's in them.

KANE
I'll give it a look.

He tries to open one of them.
It won't open.

KANE
Strange feeling to it.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Don't open it. You don't know what's in it.

Kane peers closely at the leathery ovoids.
Turns away.
Raised areas begin to appear where he touched it.
He moves his light along the rows.
Turns back to the one he was examining.
Something has changed.
The opaque surface begins to clear.
Object becoming visible within.
Kane shines his light on the floor at the base of it.
He studies it.

KANE
Jesus...

DALLAS
(voice over)
What.

Viscera and mandible now visible.
The interior surface spongy and irregular.
Kane shines the light inside.
With shocking violence, a small creature smashes outward.
Fixes itself to his mask.
Sizzling sound.
The creature melts through the mask.
Attaches itself to Kane's face.
Kane tears at the thing with his hands.
His mouth forced open.
He falls backward.

INT. CHAMBER - ABOVE 75

DALLAS
Kane...Kane can you hear me.

LAMBERT
What's the matter.

DALLAS
We better haul him out.

LAMBERT
It'll yank him right off his feet if he's not expecting it.

DALLAS
Try him again.

LAMBERT
Kane...Kane...Goddamn it. Answer me.

Dallas begins to fiddle with the winch mechanism.

DALLAS
The line's slack.

Pause.

LAMBERT
He doesn't answer.
(pause)
Do you think he could have unhooked himself.

Dallas switches on the winch motor. With a whine, it begins to reel the line in. After a moment the line tightens with a jerk. The motor slows, laboring under added weight.

DALLAS
It caught.

LAMBERT
Is it hooked on something.

DALLAS
No, it's coming.

LAMBERT
I can't see anything.

Dallas shines his light down into the hole. Shakes his head.

DALLAS
Line's still moving.

75 Cont.

A long moment.
Dallas shines his light again.

DALLAS
Here he comes.

The winch labors heavily.

DALLAS
Get ready to grab him.

Kane appears at the top of the opening.
Dangles limply from the wire.
Dallas reaches for him, then recoils.

DALLAS
Look out. There's something on his face.

Lambert attempts to help.

LAMBERT
What is it.

Kane appears to be completely unconscious.
The life form is still wrapped motionless around his face.

LAMBERT
Oh Jesus.

DALLAS
Don't touch it.

They grapple with Kane's limp body.
Lift him from the hole.

OUT 75-A X

EXT. THE NOSTROMO - SUNSET 75-B

Atmosphere turning the color of blood.
And the sun is down.
The ring of floodlights on the ship comes to life.
Feebly combatting the darkness and continuing storm.

INT. BRIDGE/INT. BLISTER - DUSK 76

NOTE: INTERCUT.

Cont.

Jones the cat staring through a port opening at the storm.
Ripley waiting on the bridge.
Ash stares at his inactive monitors.
Suddenly:

ASH
We've got them. They're back on the screens.

RIPLEY
How many.

ASH
Three blips. They're coming this way.

Ripley presses transmittor.

RIPLEY
Dallas. Dallas. Can you hear me.

DALLAS
(voice over)
We hear you. We're coming back...Kane's injured...We'll need some help getting him in.

ASH
I'll go.

Ash moves from the blister.
Ripley remains seated at her console.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE pre 76-A

Parker and Brett listening over the intercom.

EXT. LANDING LEG - NIGHT 76-A

Dallas and Lambert dragging Kane on a travois towards landin leg.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK 77

Ash comes down the steps.
Hurries to the inner lock door.
Presses the wall voice-amp.

ASH
Ripley, I'm by the inner lock hatch.

Cont.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
Okay.

77-A EXT. LANDING LEG - NIGHT

Dallas and Lambert drag Kane onto lift platform.

OUT 78

79 INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK

Ash waiting.

80 INT. BRIDGE/EXT. LANDING LEG - NIGHT

Ripley seated alone in the bridge.
Dallas and Lambert stand at base of landing leg, supporting Kane between them.

NOTE: INTERCUT AND VOICE OVERS

DALLAS
Ripley, are you there.

RIPLEY
Right here.

DALLAS
We're coming up.

They move onto lift.

RIPLEY
What happened to Kane.

Pause.

DALLAS
Some kind of organism. It's attached itself to him. We've gotta get him to the infirmary.

RIPLEY
I need a clear definition.

DALLAS
Just open the hatch, Ripley.

Cont.

80 Cont.

RIPLEY
Wait a minute, if we let it in, the ship could be infected. You know the quarantine procedure. Twenty-four hours for decontamination.

DALLAS
He could die in twenty-four hours. Open the hatch...

RIPLEY
Listen to me, if I break quarantine we may all die.

LAMBERT
Open the God damn hatch. We have to get him inside.

RIPLEY
I can't. If you were in my position you'd do the same.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE 80-A

Parker and Brett listen.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK 81

DALLAS
(voice over)
Ripley, do you hear me.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
I read you. The answer is negative.

Ash hits the emergency switch.
A red light goes on.
Servo whine.
Followed by a solid metallic clunk.

ASH
Inner hatch open.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE 81-A.

Parker and Brett react.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 82

Ripley's console flashes.
INNER HATCH OPEN.
She can't believe what she sees.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK 83

Dallas and Lambert stagger into passageway.
Carry Kane's body between them.
Dallas pulls off his helmet.

DALLAS
Stay clear.

Ash and Parker move back.

ASH
God.

PARKER
Is it alive.

LAMBERT
I don't know, but don't touch it.

DALLAS
Take him to the infirmary.

BRETT
Right.

Ash and Brett move in carefully to help with the limp burde

INT. INFIRMARY 84

Kane's helmet.
Hands begin to open it with a laser cutter.
The helmet separates easily.
The two halves part...
...the life form slowly pulsing on Kane's face.
Dallas hesitates, then puts his hand on the small Creature.
Tries to pull it free.
Unsuccessful.
The Alien remains anchored to Kane's tissue.

ASE
Let me try.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INFIRMARY WINDOW 84-A

Lambert, Parker and Brett watch through the infirmary windo
Ripley appears.
Lambert turns and looks at her.
A long moment.

LAMBERT
You were going to leave us out there.

PARKER
Maybe she should have. Who the hell knows what that is.

BRETT
Right.

Ripley looks at Lambert.
A moment.

RIPLEY
I was trying to do my job. Let's leave it at that.

Lambert gives her a curt nod.

RIPLEY
What happened out there.

LAMBERT
We went into the derelict. There were no signs of life...That transmission must have been going for centuries.

RIPLEY
What about the crew.

LAMBERT
Only found one of them... Looked like he'd been shot.

RIPLEY
And Kane...

LAMBERT
He volunteered to search the lower level alone. He found some kind of eggs. We told him not to touch them. Something happened in there...When we pulled him out, it was on his face.

INT. INFIRMARY 84-B

ASH
We better let the machine work on him.

Cont.

Ash presses a switch.
The machine lights up.
Kane is sucked into a slot in the wall.
Visible inside through the glass layer.
A blinding colored light performs antisepsis.
Two video monitors pop on.
Ash punches three buttons.
An X-ray image appears.
A color depiction of Kane's head and upper torso.
The Alien is clearly visible.
A maze of complicated biology.
Kane's jaws are forced open.
The Creature has extruded a long tube down his mouth and throat.
The appendage ending at the base of the esophagus.

DALLAS
It's got something down his God damn throat.

ASH
That must be how it's getting oxygen to him.

DALLAS
It doesn't make sense. It paralyzes him, puts him into a coma, then keeps him alive. We have to get it off him somehow.

ASH
At the moment the Creature is keeping him alive. If we remove it we might terminate Kane...

DALLAS
We have to take the chance and cut it off him.

ASH
You'll take the responsibility.

DALLAS
That's right.

Dallas presses a switch, Kane slides back out of the booth.
Ash takes a surgical laser blade from the case.
He manipulates the knife until he has a comfortable grip.
Flicks a small button with his thumb.
The blade begins to hum.

Cont.

84-B Cont.:

Touches the scalpel to the Creature.
The electronic blade slides effortlessly downward.
Suddenly a urine-like fluid begins to drip from the wound.

ASH
Starting to bleed.

The liquid flows onto the bedding next to Kane's head.
Starts to hiss.
Smoke curls up from the stain.
Next the yellow fluid eats a hole through the bunk bed.
Then drips onto the deck below.
Metal bubbling and sizzling.
More smoke rises.
Dallas frantically applies pressure to the wound.
In the process, some of the fluid gets on Dallas' gloves.
They begin to smoke.
Dallas leaps back, pulls them off.
They run into the corridor, coughing and choking from the fumes.

INT. PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE INFIRMARY 85

BRETT
Shit. It's going to eat through the decks and out the hull...

They start to run for the companionway.

INT. PASSAGEWAY "B" DECK 86

Dallas wrenches an emergency lamp from a socket.
Hurls himself down a companionway.
The others follow.

DALLAS
There.

A droplet of fluid is sizzling on the ceiling bulkhead.
It oozes down.
Drips to the deck.
Continues to bubble.
Then goes through the bulkhead.

RIPLEY
What can we put under it.

They charge down the next companionway below.

INT. MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR "C" DECK 87

Dallas moves cautiously down the passageway.
Followed by Ripley, Parker and Brett.

40
X
88

INT. MAINTENANCE AREA "C" DECK

They enter the maintenance area.
Look up to the ceiling bulkhead.
The acid bubbles.

PARKER
Don't get under it.

The acid drips to the deck.
Continues to sizzle.
Slower.

RIPLEY
Looks like it's losing steam.

Dallas fishes a pen out of his pocket.
Probes the hole in the deck.

DALLAS
It's stopped penetrating.

BRETT
Yeah. After it penetrated two levels.

Dallas straightens up.
Starts to put the pen back into his pocket.
Changes his mind and stands holding it by the end.

DALLAS
I've never seen anything like that, except molecular acid...

BRETT
This thing uses it for blood.

PARKER
Wonderful defense mechanism.
You don't dare kill it.

They start back towards the companionway.

89

INT. INFIRMARY

They return.
Kane still motionless on the bunk.
The Alien remains secured to his face.
Wound completely healed over.

PARKER
Any of the acid get on him.

Cont.

Dallas approaches, peers at Kane's head.

DALLAS
Doesn't look like it.

BRETT
Is it still dripping that crap.

ASH
Healed over.

LAMBERT
There must be some way we can get it off.

Ash looks at Dallas.

ASH
I don't think you ought to try again. It didn't work out too well last time.

Dallas gives him a look in return.
Ripley presses a button.
Kane slides back into the diagnostic coffin.
More buttons pressed.
Displays light up again, showing the different parts of Kane's body.

Cont.

89 Cont.

ASH
I better get some intravenous feeding started. So far I can't tell what the Alien has absorbed from his system.

The machine begins to process Kane's body.

RIPLEY
What's the stain on his lungs.

The X-ray reveals a spreading dark blot in the chest cavity. At the center, the stain is completely opaque.

ASH
Whatever it is, it's blocking the X-ray.

A long moment.
The stain spreads.

BRETT
What happens now.

Ash sets aside his partially melted pen. Looks at Dallas.

DALLAS
You go back to work.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE 90

Brett at work in the cubicle. Parker supervising him.

BRETT
I think I've got it. Give it a try.

Parker pushes a button.
Negative reaction on his monitor.

PARKER
Nothing.

BRETT
Damn. I was sure that was it.

PARKER
Well, it isn't. Try the next one.

BRETT
Right.

Cont.

90 Cont.

Adjusts several toggles.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
What's happening.

PARKER
This goddamn woman. I'll tell her what's happening. My Johnson is happening.
(punches the communicator)
A lot of hard work. Real work.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 91

PARKER
(voice over)
You ought to try it sometime.

RIPLEY
I've got the toughest job on this ship.

Derisive laugh from Parker through the speaker.

RIPLEY
I have to listen to your bullshit.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE 92

PARKER
Get off my back.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
I'll get off your back when 12 module is fixed.

She clicks off.
Parker turns away.

PARKER
Smart-mouth broad.

INT. INFIRMARY 93

Ash running test on the equipment.
Kane respirating on the viewscreens above.
Still deep within a coma.
All instruments recording his life processes.
The Alien's position unchanged.
Ripley approaches.
Sits near Ash.

Cont.

RIPLEY
Anything new.

ASH
He's holding, no changes.

RIPLEY
What about the Creature?

ASH
It's got an outer layer of protein polysaccharides. Plus it's constantly sloughing off cells and replacing them with polarized silicon. Which gives it prolonged resistance to adverse environmental conditions...That enough for you?

RIPLEY
Plenty. What's it mean.

ASH
Interesting combination of elements making it practically invulnerable.

RIPLEY
Is that why you let it in.

ASH
I was following a direct order. Remember.

RIPLEY
While Dallas and Kane are off the ship, I'm Senior Officer.

ASH
Yes, of course -- I forgot.

RIPLEY
You also forgot the science division's basic quarantine law.

ASH
No. That I didn't forget.

RIPLEY
You just broke it.

ASH
What would you have done with Kane...His only chance at staying alive was to get into the infirmary.

Cont.

93 Cont.1

RIPLEY
By breaking quarantine procedure you risk everybody's life.

ASH
Maybe I should have let him die out there. Maybe I have jeopardized the rest of us... It's a risk I'm willing to take.

RIPLEY
This is your official position as a science officer. Not exactly out of the manual...

ASH
The first position of science is the protection and betterment of human life. I take my responsibility as seriously as you do...you do your job and I'll do mine.

Ripley stands...looks at Ash.
They walk o.s. X

INT. MESS 94

Lambert playing with some string, amusing Jones.
Cat's Cradle.
Both looking bored.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE 95

Parker and Brett at work on the final intake screen.

INT. NARCISSUS 96

Dallas listening to a primitive tape.
His foot tapping with the rhythm.
Beep.
An interruption on the communicator.

DALLAS
Dallas.

ASH
(voice over)
I think you should have a look at Kane. Something's happened.

Cont.

96 Cont

DALLAS
Serious.

ASH
(voice over)
Interesting.

Dallas exits.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INFIRMARY WINDOW 97

Ash stares through window.
Dallas joins him.
Ripley appears behind.
A long pause.

DALLAS
It's gone.

Kane's prone form.
The Alien is no longer on his face.
Kane still unconscious, but continues to breathe.
Face covered with sucker marks.

RIPLEY
The door is closed. It must still be in there.

ASH
We can't open the door. We don't want to let it out.

RIPLEY
Yeah, I remember. We can't grab it. We can't kill it...

DALLAS
Maybe we can catch it.

ASH
As long as we're careful not to damage it.

INT. INFIRMARY 97-A

They enter cautiously.
Dallas begins moving slowly around the room.
Picking up a stainless steel tray.
Looking.
Ash and Ripley do the same.
Ripley bends down and peers under the bunk.
Nothing.

Cont.

She stands.
Doesn't see the Alien on a ledge above her.
Her shoulder brushes against the Creature.
It drops onto her.
She screams. Twists.
The Alien drops to the floor.
Then lies motionless.
Its skin faded to a dead-looking grey.
Ripley doesn't raise her eyes from the Creature.
Prods the Alien.
No response.

DALLAS
I think it's dead.
(looks at Ripley)
You okay.

RIPLEY
Yeah.

She carefully touches the Creature with a metal probe.
Fishes the motionless life-form into the tray.
Quickly closes the lid.
Lifts it onto a stainless steel table.
Bright light trained on the Alien.

The Creature in a supine position.
Ash touches at the Alien with a surgical instrument.

ASH
Look at those suckers. No wonder we couldn't get it off him.

RIPLEY
Where's its mouth.

ASH
It's this tube-like thing, up in here.
(carefully extracts the end of the organ)
It's hardening.
(slips the Creature under a fluroscope)
It's dead. No life sign whatever.

RIPLEY
Let's get rid of it.

Cont.

ASH
This has to go back. This is our first contact with a specimen like this. All kinds of tests need to be run.

RIPLEY
That thing bled acid. God knows what it'll do when it's dead.

ASH
I think it's safe to assume it's not a zombie...Dallas, we have to keep this specimen.

Pause.

DALLAS
You're the Science Officer. It's your decision.

ASH
Then it's made...I'll seal it in a stasis tube.

Pause.

RIPLEY
What about Kane.

Ash turns back to the bunk. Studies the life support gauges. Kane continues to breathe steadily.

ASH
Running a fever. And still unconscious. The machine will bring his temperature down. His vital functions are strong... who knows, he may make it.

Ash begins to seal the Alien in a large vacuum tube.

RIPLEY
I need some coffee.

She turns and walks away.

INT. BLACK CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE 98

Ripley and Dallas.

RIPLEY
How could you leave that kind of decision to him.

DALLAS
I just run the ship. Anything that has to do with science division, Ash has the final word.

RIPLEY
How does that happen.

DALLAS
Same way everything else happens. Orders from the Company.

RIPLEY
Since when is that standard procedure.

DALLAS
Standard procedure is do what they tell you...Besides, I only know about flying...I haul cargo for a living.

RIPLEY
Did you ship out with Ash before.

DALLAS
First time. I went five hauls with another science man. Then two days before we left Thedus, they replaced him with Ash.

She looks at him.

DALLAS
So what. They replaced my warrant officer with you.

RIPLEY
I don't trust him.

DALLAS
I don't trust anybody...What's holding up the repairs.

RIPLEY
They're pretty much finished now.

Cont.

51
X
98 Cont

DALLAS
Why didn't you say so.

RIPLEY
There are still some things left to do.

DALLAS
Like what?

RIPLEY
We're blind on B and C decks. Reserve power systems blown...

DALLAS
That's crap. We can take off without them.

RIPLEY
Is that a good idea.

DALLAS
I want to get out of here. Let's get this turkey off the ground.

EXT. PLANET - SUNRISE 99

The Nostromo's engines roaring. Belching out streams of superheated air. The starship vibrates.

INT. BRIDGE - SUNRISE 100

The crew at their posts.

DALLAS
How do we look down there?

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE 100-A

Parker and Brett.

PARKER
Okay, but remember this is a patch job. If we hit too much turbulence the cells will blow ...and that's all she said.

BRETT
So take it easy.

INT. BRIDGE - SUNRISE

DALLAS
I hear you. Ripley, take us up a hundred meters and retract the landing struts.

RIPLEY
Up a hundred.

EXT. PLANET - SUNRISE 101

The Nostromo lifts off, hovers above the ground on beams of shimmering flame.
The landing struts begin folding.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY 102

We hear the thump as the struts retract.

RIPLEY
Struts retracted.

DALLAS
Okay, Ripley, it's all yours.

Ripley pushes a lever forward. The engines begin to thunde:

RIPLEY
Rolling up the G's.
(pushes more buttons)
And here we go.

EXT. NOSTROMO - DAY 103

The ship begins to surge forward.
Accelerating upward through the dense atmosphere.

OUT 104-106

INT. BRIDGE - DAY 107

LAMBERT
One kilometer on ascension.

RIPLEY
Engage artificial gravity.

Lambert throws a switch.
The ship lurches.

LAMBERT
Engaged.

Cont.

RIPLEY
I'm altering the vector now.

A huge tremor runs throughout the ship.

DALLAS
What was that?

In answer, the intercom beeps.

PARKER'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Starboard quad's overheating.
I'm shutting it down.

DALLAS
Just hold us together till we're beyond G1, that's all.

The pitch of the engines changes.

EXT. NOSTROMO - DAY 108

The ship moves at an acute angle.
Slices through the boiling clouds.
Black smoke pouring from one engine.

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE 109

Parker and Brett in a frenzy of activity.

BRETT
Dust is clogging the damn intakes again. Number two's overheating.

PARKER
Spit on it for two more minutes.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY 110

Outside the windows, clouds, clouds, clouds.
Another tremor runs through the ship.
The crew's eyes riveted to their instruments.

EXT. NOSTROMO 111

The ship clears the top of the cloud layer.
Bursts out into star-sprinkled space.
Trailing a wake of clouds.

INT. BRIDGE 111-A

The crew cheer.
Wave their arms in exultation.

RIPLEY
We made it. Damn. We made it.

111-B

INT. ENGINE ROOM CUBICLE

Parker breaks open a can of beer.

PARKER
Walk in the park. When we fix something it stays fixed.

111-C

INT. BRIDGE

DALLAS
Let's pick up the money and go home. Put her in the garage.

111-D

EXT. NOSTROMO

Above the planet.
The Nostromo rendezvous with the refinery.

112

INT. BRIDGE

DALLAS
Set course for Earth. Then fire up the big ones and get us up to light plus four.

RIPLEY
With pleasure.

LAMBERT
Feets get me out of here.

113

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The Nostromo now at light speed.
Perceptible movement in the surrounding universe.
A corona effect emerges.
Stars approaching the Nostromo appear blue.
Receding stars going to red.
Red shift, made visible because of the craft's velocity.

114

INT. MESS

Parker, Brett, Dallas and Ripley around table.
Drinking coffee.

PARKER
The best thing to do is just to freeze him. Stop the god-damn disease. He can get a doctor to look at him when we get back home.

BRETT
Right.

RIPLEY
Whenever he says anything you say 'right'. You know that, Brett.

Cont.

114 Cont.

BRETT
Right.

RIPLEY
What do you think, Parker. Your staff just follows you around and says 'right'. Like a regular parrot.

Parker turns to Brett.

PARKER
Yeah. Shape up. What are you, some kind of parrot.

BRETT
Right.

DALLAS
Knock it off...Kane will have to go into quarantine.

RIPLEY
Yeah. And so will we.

Lambert enters.

LAMBERT
How about a little something to lower your spirits.

DALLAS
Thrill me.

LAMBERT
According to my calculations... based on the time spent getting to and from the planet and the speed at which we're moving away from the other... X

DALLAS
Give me the short version... How far to Earth.

LAMBERT
Ten months.

RIPLEY
Christ.

Beep.

DALLAS
Dallas.

Cont.

114 Cont

ASH
(voice over)
Come see Kane right away...

DALLAS
Any change in his condition.

ASH
(voice over)
It's simpler if you just come see him.

OUT 115

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INFIRMARY WINDOW 116

What they see is...Not what they expect. Kane is sitting up in bed...wide awake. They enter...

LAMBERT
Kane...Are you all right.

KANE
Mouth's dry...can I have some water.

Instantly, Ash brings him a plastic cup and water. Kane gulps it down in a swallow.

KANE
More.

Ripley quickly fills a much bigger container. Hands it to Kane. He greedily consumes the entire contents. Then sags back, panting, on the bunk.

DALLAS
How do you feel.

KANE
Terrible. What happened to me.

ASH
You don't remember.

KANE
Don't remember anything. I can barely remember my name.

PARKER
Do you hurt.

Cont.

KANE
All over. Feel like somebody's been beating me with a stick for about six years.
(smiles)
God, I'm hungry.

RIPLEY
What's the last thing you can remember.

KANE
I don't know.

DALLAS
Do you remember what happened on the planet.

KANE
Just some horrible dream about smothering. Where are we.

RIPLEY
We're on our way home.

BRETT
Getting ready to go back into the freezers.

KANE
I'm starving. I want some food first.

PARKER
I'm pretty hungry myself.

DALLAS
One meal before bed.

INT. MESS 117

The entire crew is seated.
Hungrily swallowing huge portions of artificial food.
The cat eats from a dish on the table.

Cont.

KANE
First thing I'm going to do when we get back is eat some decent food.

PARKER
I've had worse than this, but I've had better too, if you know what I mean.

LAMBERT
Christ, you're pounding down this stuff like there's no tomorrow.

Pause.

PARKER
I mean I like it.

KANE
No kidding.

PARKER
Yeah. It grows on you.

KANE
It should. You know what they make this stuff out of...

PARKER
I know what they make it out of. So what. It's food now. You're eating it.

Suddenly Kane grimaces.

RIPLEY
What's wrong.

Kane's voice strains.

LAMBERT
What's the matter.

KANE
I don't know...I'm getting cramps.

The others stare at him in alarm. Suddenly he makes a loud groaning noise. Clutches the edge of the table with his hands. Knuckles whitening.

Cont.

ASH
Breathe deeply.

Kane screams.

KANE
Oh God, it hurts so bad.
It hurts. It hurts.
(stands up)
Oooooooh.

BRETT
What is it. What hurts.

Kane's face screws into a mask of agony.
He falls back into his chair.

KANE
Ohmygooaaahh.

A red stain.
Then a smear of blood blossoms on his chest.

The fabric of his shirt is ripped open.
A small head the size of a man's fist pushes out.

The crew shout in panic.
Leap back from the table.
The cat spits, bolts away.

The tiny head lunges forward.
Comes spurting out of Kane's chest trailing a thick body.
Splatters fluids and blood in its wake.
Lands in the middle of the dishes and food.
Wriggles away while the crew scatters.
Then the Alien being disappears from sight.

Kane lies slumped in his chair.
Very dead.
A huge hole in his chest.
The dishes are scattered.
Food covered with blood.

LAMBERT
No, no, no, no.

BRETT
What was that. What the Christ
was that.

PARKER
It was growing in him the whole
time and he didn't even know it.

Cont.

117 Cont

ASH
It used him for an incubator.

RIPLEY
That means we've got another one.

DALLAS
Yeah. And it's loose on the ship.

Slowly they gather around Kane's gutted corpse.
They all look at one another.
Then at Kane.
Dead on the table.

INT. CORRIDOR - "A" DECK 118

Empty.
Parker and Brett descend companionway.
They join Ash, Lambert, Ripley and Dallas.

DALLAS
Any signs.

LAMBERT
Nothing.

ASH
Nothing.

PARKER
Didn't see a goddamn thing.

BRETT
Didn't see anything.

RIPLEY
We can't go into hypersleep with that thing running loose. We'd be sitting ducks in the freezers. We have to kill it.

LAMBERT
We can't kill it. If we do, it will spill its body acids right through the hull...

Cont.

118 Cont

BRETT
Son-of-a-bitch.

RIPLEY
We have to catch it and eject it from the ship.

ASH
Our supplies are based on us spending a limited amount of time out of suspended animation. Strictly limited.

RIPLEY
First we have to find it.

DALLAS
No. First we've got something else to do.

He looks at Kane's body seen through mess doorway.

INT. AIR LOCK 119

Kane's body wrapped in a makeshift shroud.

INT. BRIDGE 120

The crew looking at Kane on viewscreens.
Silent.
Depressed.

DALLAS
Inner hatch sealed.

Ripley nods.

DALLAS
Anybody want to say anything.

Nothing to say.
He nods at Ripley.
She presses a button.

EXT. NOSTROMO 121

The outer hatch opens.
Kane's body shoots out into eternity.
Dwarfed by the giant ship.
The hatch closes.

INT. MESS 122

Empty.
Completely cleaned up.

Cont.

122 Con

Parker, Brett and Ripley enter from one side. Dallas, Lambert, Ash from the other.

DALLAS
Any sign on your side.

RIPLEY
Nothing. It must have gone below somehow.

They sit.

DALLAS
We're going to have to catch it and eject it from the ship.

ASH
Sounds great...but how.

DALLAS
Room by room, corridor by corridor.

RIPLEY
That could take forever.

ASH
Our supplies are based on us spending a limited amount of time out of hypersleep. Strictly limited.

RIPLEY
We can't go into the freezers with that thing running loose. Remember what the other one did to Kane's helmet. We'd be sitting ducks. We've got to kill it first.

LAMBERT
We can't kill it. If we do, the body acids will eat right through the hull.

PARKER
I say we put on our pressure suits and blow all the air out of the ship. That might kill it.

LAMBERT
What a swell idea.

PARKER
What's wrong with it.

Cont.

122 Cont.

ASH
I hate to point this out but it might be better off without oxygen. It lived that way long enough.

RIPLEY
There's another problem. There's no visual communication on B and C decks. All the screens are out.

LAMBERT
And what do we do when we find it.

DALLAS
Trap it somehow.

BRETT
If we had a really strong piece of net, we could bag it...I could put something together. A long metal rod with a battery in it. Only take a few hours.

LAMBERT
Why do we listen to this meathead.

Dallas turns it over.

DALLAS
He might be right. For once...

EXT. OUTER SPACE 123

The Nostromo continues through the vortex.

OUT 124

INT. NARCISSUS 125

Dallas seated in the shuttle craft. Staring at the myriad lights of outer space. Ripley climbs beside him.

RIPLEY
I thought I'd find you here.

Dallas continues to stare.

DALLAS
Are the nets finished.

Pause.

Cont.

RIPLEY
We've got an hour...Look I need some relief.

DALLAS
Why did you wait until now.

Ripley leans forward.

RIPLEY
Let me tell you something. You keep staring out there long enough, they'll be peeling you off the wall.

Ripley begins taking off her boots.

DALLAS
We're the new pioneers, Ripley. We even get to have our own special diseases.

RIPLEY
I'm tired of talking.

She rises and removes her upper garments.

Cont.

125 Con

DALLAS
You waited too long.

RIPLEY
Give it a try anyway.

Clothing removed.
His arms move around her.

INT. BRIDGE 126

The crew has assembled.
Brett unfolds several yards of asbestos netting.
Hands out five thin rods.
Each of them like metal broom handles.

BRETT
I put portable generators in each of these. They're insulated down here. Just be goddamn careful not to get your hand on the end.

He touches the tip to a metal object.
A blue spark leaps.

BRETT
It won't damage the little bastard unless its skin is a lot thinner than ours...It'll just give it a little incentive.

LAMBERT
Now if we could only find it.

Ash picks up a portable unit.

ASH
I've taken care of that...tracking device. You set it to search for a moving object...It hasn't much range but when you get within a certain distance it starts beeping.

Ripley takes the tracker from Ash's hand.

RIPLEY
What's it key on.

ASH
Micro changes in air density.
Keep it pointed ahead of you.

Cont.

126 Cont

DALLAS
We'll break into two teams. Whoever finds it first catches it in the net and ejects it from the nearest air lock.
(pause)
For starters, let's make sure the bridge is safe.

Parker turns on his unit.
Scans it around the room.

LAMBERT
We seem to be okay...If this damn thing works.

DALLAS
Ash and myself will go with Lambert. Brett and Parker will make up the second team. Ripley, you command it.

They start doling out the equipment.

DALLAS
Channels are open on all decks. We'll be in constant touch.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL 127

Lambert and Dallas carry the net.
Ash walks directly behind, carrying the tracking device.
He continually scans from side to side.
Lambert stops by a stairwell.

LAMBERT
Anything down there.

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL 128

Parker and Brett move silently along.
Ripley ahead of them with the tracker by the stairwell.

RIPLEY
Nothing.

They move on.
A small light flashes.

RIPLEY
Hold it. I've got something.

Cont.

128 Con

Parker and Brett grow tense.
Start looking around.

BRETT
Where's it coming from.

Ripley peers closely at the tracker.

RIPLEY
Machine's screwed up. I can't tell. Needle's spinning all over the dial.

BRETT
Goddamn, malfunction.

Ripley turns the tracker on its side.
The needle stabilizes.

RIPLEY
No, just confused. It's coming from below us.

They all look down at their feet.

INT. MAINTENANCE - "C" LEVEL 129

Ripley, Parker and Brett come down ladder into an endless oily corridor.
They stop at the foot of the companionway...
They move down corridor into darkness.

RIPLEY
Okay.

Looks at the tracker.

Nods down the passageway. Stops.

RIPLEY
Back this way.

They begin to walk in that direction.
Entering drab section of ship.
Surrounded by deep shadows.
Footsteps clanging on the metal deck.

RIPLEY
I thought you fixed 12 module.

Cont.

BRETT
We did.

PARKER
Circuits must have burned out.

They switch on lights.
Move around two turns.

RIPLEY
Wait.

They stop quickly, almost stumbling.

RIPLEY
It's within five meters.

Parker and Brett heft the net.
Ripley has the prod in one hand, tracker in the other.
Moves with great care.
Almost in a half-crouch, ready to leap back.
Prod extended, Ripley constantly glances at her tracker.
The device leads her up to a small hatch in the bulkhead.
Perspiration rivers down her face.
She sets aside the tracker.
Raises the prod, grasps the hatch handle.
Yanks it open.
Jams the electric prod inside.
A nerve-shattering squall.
Then a small Creature comes flying out of the locker.
Eyes glaring, claws flashing.
Instinctively, they throw the net over it.

Very annoyed.
They open the net and release the captive.
Which happens to be the cat.
Hissing and spitting, it scampers away.

RIPLEY
Goddamn it...hold it.

PARKER
We should have killed it...Now we might pick it up on the tracker again.

RIPLEY
Go get it. We'll go on.

BRETT
Right.

Cont.

129 Cont

Ripley and Parker move down the passageway.
Brett follows the direction taken by the cat.
Moves across passageway into equipment maintenance area.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA - "C" LEVEL 130

Brett walking between rows of shadowed equipment.
Looking for the cat.
Nervous.

BRETT
Jones...Here kitty...Jones...
Goddamn it Jones.

Scratching noises.
A reassuring cat yowl.
Brett moves on.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "C" LEVEL 131

Ripley and Parker walk along.
Tracker signal weakens.
Finally stops.

RIPLEY
Nothing here.

PARKER
Let's go back.

INT. UNDERCARRIAGE ROOM - "C" LEVEL 132

Brett enters.
Still looking for Jones.
Another yowl followed by a hiss.
Two eyes shining in the dark.
Jones.
Relieved, Brett moves toward the cat.

BRETT
Here kitty...Come on Jones.

Brett reaches for Jones.
Jones hisses.
An arm reaches for Brett.
The Alien.
Now seven feet tall.
Hanging from the undercarriage strut in reverse position.
Grabs Brett and swings up into darkness.
Brett screams.
To no avail...

In the doorway Ripley and Parker.
They witness the horror.

INT. MESS

The remaining crew assembled.
Long faces.
Dallas sits with a layout in front of him.
Parker stands anxiously by the doorway.

PARKER
Whatever it was it was big.
Swung down on him like a giant
fucking bat.

Dallas looks up.

DALLAS
You're absolutely sure it dragged
Brett into a vent.

RIPLEY
It disappeared into one of the
cooling ducts.

PARKER
No question. It's using the air
shafts to move around.

DALLAS
Like Jones...

LAMBERT
Brett could still be alive.

RIPLEY
Not a chance. It snapped him
up like a rag doll.

LAMBERT
What does it want him for.

ASH
An incubator perhaps.

RIPLEY
Or food.

A shiver.

LAMBERT
Either way it's two down and
five to go.

PARKER
I say we blast the rotten bastard
with a laser and take our chances.

Cont.

DALLAS
No way. If it's as big as you say, it's holding enough acid to burn a hole in this ship as big as this room.

ASH
Shooting it is not going to help us. It's self-regenerating. You saw that when we operated on it.

Dallas runs his fingers over the diagram.

DALLAS
The shaft could work for us. That duct comes out at the main air lock. There's only one big opening on the way. But we can cover that. Then we drive it into the air lock and blast it into space.

PARKER
Drive it...I'm telling you the son-of-a-bitch is huge.

RIPLEY
The science department should be able to help...

ASH
Well it seems to have adapted to an oxygen rich atmosphere and it's certainly adapted well for its nutritional requirements. The only thing we don't know about is temperature.

RIPLEY
All right. What about the temperature. What happens if we change it.

ASH
We could try it. Most animals retreat from fire.

DALLAS
Parker, how long to hook up three or four incinerating units.

PARKER
Give me twenty minutes.

Cont.

LAMBERT
Only one thing left. Who gets to crawl in the vent with it.

A pause.

LAMBERT
Parker, you always wanted a full share.

DALLAS
Cut it out. Parker, Lambert, you cover the maintenance level exit. Ripley, you and Ash take the air lock.

There's no doubt as to who's going inside the vent.

73
X
133-A

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Nostromo at light plus four.

OUT 134-
135

INT. AIR LOCK - VESTIBULE

135-A

Ripley stands in vestibule.
Looks through the Bulkhead door to air lock.
She throws a switch.
Watches airshaft entrance into air lock open.
The trap is ready.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

135-B

Parker and Lambert get set.

OUT 136

INT. AIR SHAFT

137

Completely dark.
Dallas turns on his helmet light.
Flips switch on throat mike.

DALLAS
Do you receive me. Ripley.
Parker. Lambert.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

138

The hum of vast cooling plants.
Large air shafts run off in different directions.
Parker and Lambert stand ready by a duct.
Lambert hits the wall amp button.

LAMBERT
We're in position. I'll try
and pick you up on the tracker.

Parker hefts his flamethrower.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Parker, if it tries to come
out by you, make sure you drive
it back in. I'll push it forward.

PARKER
Right.

INT. AIR LOCK - VESTIBULE

Near the air lock.
Ripley pops open the hatch.
The air lock now open and ready.
She moves to the air duct opening.

RIPLEY
Air lock open.

DALLAS
(voice over)
Ready.

RIPLEY
Ready.

INT. AIR SHAFT 140

Dallas begins to crawl forward:
The tunnel is narrow...
Only a foot or two wider than his shoulders.

DALLAS
I'm under way.

Turns a corner.
Several more tight turns.
Instinctively Dallas pulls back.
Raises the flamethrower.
Fires a blast around the corner into the darkness.
It roars loudly in the confined tube.
Smoke drifts back into his face.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA 141

A large rectangular duct in one wall.

PARKER
That's where it's got to come out, if it leaves the main shaft.

He throws a switch.
A metal pane rises and seals off the opening.

LAMBERT
Let's keep it open. I'd like to know if anything's coming.

Reluctantly, Parker again throws the switch and raises the metal pane.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE 142

Ripley waiting.

INT. AIR SHAFT 143

Dallas still crawling on hands and knees.
Ahead the shaft takes an abrupt downward turn.
He moves toward the corner.
Fires another blast from the flamethrower.
Then starts crawling down, head first.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA 143-A

Lambert sees something on the tracker.

LAMBERT
Beginning to get a reading on you.

INT. AIR SHAFT 143-B

The shaft makes yet another turn.
Puts Dallas into an almost immobilized position.

OUT 144 X

INT. AIR SHAFT 145

Dallas against a wall of the shaft.
Clutching his flamethrower.
Whispers into his throat mike.

DALLAS
Ripley.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE 146

RIPLEY
Read you clear.

INT. AIR SHAFT 147

DALLAS
I don't think this shaft goes much farther...It's getting hot in here.

He readies the flamethrower.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA 148

Parker readies his weapon.

INT. AIR SHAFT - DOUBLE-TIERED PASSAGEWAY 149

The air shaft tributary opens into a larger two-tier air tunnel.
Dallas crawls out and stands.
Moves to a catwalk floor. Looks about.
Moves forward. Reaches a repair junction.
Sits.

His feet dangle beneath the catwalk floor to the next level.

DALLAS
Lambert, what kind of reading are you getting.

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA 149-A

Lambert huddled over her tracker.
Puzzled.

Cont.

149-A Co

LAMBERT
I'm not sure. There seems to be some kind of double signal.

INT. AIR SHAFT - DOUBLE-TIERED PASSAGEWAY 149-B

Dallas sitting.
His feet still dangling in the dark beneath the catwalk.

DALLAS
It may be interference. I'll push on ahead.

Dallas begins to rise.
From below, a gentle movement towards the hanging feet.
A hand reaches up.
Misses his leg as Dallas moves ahead.

Further on.

DALLAS
Lambert, am I coming in any clearer.

LAMBERT
(voice over)
It's clear all right. But I'm still getting two signals.
(frightening pause)
I'm not sure which one is which.

Dallas stops.
Turns around,
Looks back down through the catwalk.
Lowers the nose of the flamethrower, his finger on the trigger.
From behind him, the hand reaches up.
The Alien is the front signal.

INT. AIR LOCK VESTIBULE 150

Ripley bends forward.
Hears the sounds of the struggle...
And Dallas' scream.
She cries out.

RIPLEY
Dallas...Dallas...

80
X
151

INT. EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE AREA

Lambert and Parker.
Hearing it all.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
Oh my God.

Then silence.

INT. MESS

152

Dallas' flamethrower on table surface.

PARKER
(voice over)
We just found it laying there.
No sign of him. No blood.
Nothing.

Ripley, Ash and Lambert standing by the table.
Lambert obviously still shaken.

PARKER
Ripley this puts you in command.
It's okay with him.

She nods.

RIPLEY
Unless someone's got a better
idea about dealing with the
Alien, we'll proceed with Dallas'
plan.

LAMBERT
And wind up the same way. No
thanks.

PARKER
You've got a better idea.

LAMBERT
Yes. Abandon ship. Take the
shuttle craft and get the hell
out of here. Take our chances on
getting picked up later.

The unsaid alternative.

ASH
You are forgetting something.
Dallas and Brett may not be dead.
It's a ghastly probability
perhaps, but not a certainty.

Cont.

RIPLEY
Ash is right. We've got to give it another try. We know it's using the air shafts. Let's take it level by level. This time we'll laser seal every bulkhead and vent behind us until we corner it.

PARKER
I'll go along with that.

Lambert doesn't answer.

RIPLEY
How are our weapons.

PARKER
They're working fine...We could use more fuel for that one.

Indicating Dallas' flamethrower.

RIPLEY
Then you'd better get it. Ash, you go with him.

Parker looks at Ash.

PARKER
I can manage.

He leaves.
Ripley turns to Ash.

RIPLEY
Any other thoughts. From you or Mother.

ASH
Nothing new. Still collating.

RIPLEY
I can't believe that.

ASH
I'm sorry captain. What would you like me to do.

RIPLEY
Go back to Mother and keep asking questions until you get some better answers.

Cont.

ASH
All right...I'll try.

He leaves.

INT. MAINTENANCE AREA - "C" DECK 153

Parker selects two full methane cylinders.
He tests them.
Moves out.

INT. MESS 154

Ripley sits beside Lambert.

RIPLEY
Try to hang on. You know Dallas would have done the same for us.

LAMBERT
All I know is you're asking us to stay and get picked off one by one.

RIPLEY
I promise you. If it looks like it won't work, I'll b..l us out of here.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL 155

Parker returning with methane cylinder.
Turns a corner.
Comes to an abrupt halt.
A movement in front of him beyond the airlock.
He hesitates.
Then another shadowy movement...

INT. BRIDGE 156

Ripley and Lambert.
Parker's voice on voice-amp.
Muffled.
Ripley hits a toggle.

RIPLEY
Ripley.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL 156-A

Parker covers the wall communication with his hand.

PARKER
Keep it down...

Up the corridor, the movement stops.

INT. BRIDGE 156-B

RIPLEY
Can't hear you...Repeat...

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL 157

Parker whispering.

PARKER
The Alien...It's outside the main air lock door. Open the door slowly...When I say...close it fast and blow the outer door. X

INT. BLISTER 157-A

Ash listens.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL 157-B

Parker still whispering.

PARKER
Open it...slowly.

INT. BRIDGE 158

Ripley hesitates.
Starts to reply.
Throws switch.

INT. AIR LOCK - "B" DECK 159

Low servo whine.
Door opens.

Cont.

159 Cont

Slowly.
Green light throbbing inside air lock.
Creature looks curiously at it.
Moves onto the threshold.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL 159-A

Parker watches...

INT. AIR LOCK 159-B

Creature moves further into air lock.
Fascinated by green light.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL 159-C

Urgent whisper into voice-amp.

PARKER
Now...Now...

INT. BRIDGE 159-D

As Ripley moves to throw switch...

INT. AIR LOCK 159-E

Suddenly, from out of nowhere a klaxon wails.
The Creature leaps back across the threshold of the air lock
Bewildered.
Screams as the inner hatch closes on an appendage.
Acid boiling out.
The appendage crushed.
The acid bubbles.
Metal boils in door.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "B" LEVEL 160

Parker watches.
Frozen.
The Alien wrenches itself free.
Comes flying outward.
Smashes Parker down.
Flees.
On the wall a green light goes on.

"Inner Hatch Closed"

INT. AIR LOCK 161

Metal still boiling.
The outer hatch begins to open.

OUT 162

INT. BRIDGE 163

RIPLEY
Parker...

Pushes a switch.
Pushes it again.

LAMBERT
What's happening, Parker.

In front of her a green light blinks.
"Inner Hatch Closed."

RIPLEY
Inner hatch sealed. The outer hatch is open.

LAMBERT
What about Parker.

RIPLEY
I don't know. Take over.

Ripley bolts out of the bridge.

EXT. NOSTROMO 163-A

Air lock open.

INT. PASSAGE NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL 164

Parker unconscious.

INT. AIR LCCK 165

The inner hatch still closed.
Metal boils.
The hole growing deeper.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - "A" DECK 166

Ripley runs toward the air lock corridor.

INT. AIR LOCK 167

Metal boiling in door.

INT. PASSAGEWAYS - "E" DECK 168

Ripley slams to a momentary halt against a bulkhead.
Regains her balance.
Starts running.

INT. PASSAGE NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL 169

Parker now half conscious.
Ripley arrives as the hole in door blows open.
Escaping air shrieks.
Flashing sign comes on.
Critical depressurization.
Emergency klaxon.
Simultaneously vestibule doors close either end.
Sealing in Ripley and Parker.
Door nearest to Parker half-closed on one of the methane cylinders:
Leaving large gap.
Windstorm begins as hole in air lock grows.
Ripley reaches for other cylinder.
Begins smashing the jammed cylinder out of door.
Blood froths at their noses and ears.
Cylinder finally is driven out.
The door slams closed.

INT. BRIDGE 169-A

Lambert watches.
Emergency light readings.

"Hull Breached"
"Emergency Bulkheads Closed"

LAMBERT
Ash, get the oxygen. Meet me at the air lock.

Rushes out.
Down corridor.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL 169-B

Ripley staggers towards an emergency panel.
At far end of corridor.
Pinging sound.
Misty atmosphere.
Tries to activate the door.
Cannot.
Lambert appears other side of bulkhead.
Activates door from outside.
Rush of oxygen.

EXT. NOSTROMO 170

Plume of vapor freezes in the vacuum.

INT. PASSAGEWAY NEAR AIR LOCK - "B" LEVEL 171

Repressurization sounds.
Parker regains consciousness.
Struggles to breathe.
Ripley unable to move.
Breath coming in shallow pants.
Lambert with an oxygen tank.
Ash follows.
Oxygen administered to Ripley and Parker.

Finally.

ASH
You all right.

PARKER
We didn't get it. The warning went off and it jumped back in the ship.

ASH
Who hit the warning.

RIPLEY
You tell me.

ASH
What does that mean.

RIPLEY
I guess the alarm went off by itself.

ASH
If you've got something to say say it. I'm sick of these coy accusations.

RIPLEY
Nobody's accusing you.

ASH
Like hell. X

Sullen silence.

RIPLEY
Go patch him up.

Ash and Parker leave.
Ripley turns to Lambert.

RIPLEY
How much oxygen have we lost.
I want an exact reading.

Cont.

LAMBERT
Why were you accusing him.

RIPLEY
Because I think he's lying. And if I can get into his tape records, I'll prove it.

LAMBERT
It could have been an accident.

RIPLEY
You think I'm wrong.

LAMBERT
I don't know. Wrong or crazy.

RIPLEY
Thanks.

OUT 172-173-A

INT. COMPUTER ANNEX 174

Ripley hurriedly taps out the five-digit code.
Rams thumb against Indentiprint.
The inner door opens.
Data banks come to life.
She sits at the console.
Thinks for a moment.
Then punches up a code.
Nothing happens.
Punches another combination.
Nothing happens.
Frustration.
Another combination.
One screen comes to life.
Another combination.
She moves to the second keyboard.
Screen One spells out the question:
Question: WHO TURNED ON AIR LOCK 2 WARNING SYSTEM.
Response: ASH
Another code.
Question: IS ASH PROTECTING THE ALIEN
Response: YES
New Code.
Question: WHY
Response: SPECIAL ORDER 937 SCIENCE EYES ONLY.
She starts a new code.
A hand slams down next to Ripley's arm.
It sinks elbow deep into the computer.
She whips around in her chair.
Faces Ash.
He smiles.

Cont.

ASH
Command seems a bit too much for you. But then leadership is always difficult under these circumstances.

Ripley slowly backs up out of the chair.
Keeps it between them.
Plays for time.

RIPLEY
The problem's not leadership, Ash. It's loyalty.

She circles toward the door.
Ash still smiles.
And moves forward slightly.

ASH
I think we've all been doing our best. Lambert's getting a little pessimistic but we've always known she's on the emotional side.

All charm.

RIPLEY
I'm not worried about Lambert right now. I'm worried about you.

She starts to turn.
He steps toward her.

ASH
All that paranoia coming up again.

With that he reaches out.
Ripley bolts by him into the corridor.
Ash chases her through the bridge and into the mess.
Three bulkhead doors slam down behind them.

Ash catches her.
Parker and Lambert burst into the mess.
Lambert falls on Ash's back.

Cont.

Ash turns to Lambert.
Tosses her across the room.
Returns to Ripley.
Again choking her.
Parker lifts the tracker.
Steps behind Ash.
Swings the tracker...Wallop.
Tears his head off...
Wires ascending from Ash's trunk.
Where his head used to be.
Ash's hands release Ripley.
Search above his neck for his missing head.
He walks backward.
All eyes on Ash's headless body.
He walks the room.
Still feeling for his missing head.

PARKER
A robot, a goddamn Android.

Cont.

174 Cont.

Ash turns on him.
Starts to advance.
Parker hits him again with the tracker...
Again.
Again.
No avail.
Ash begins choking Parker.
Ripley picks up one of the prod sticks.
Closes on Ash's back.
Tears away the fabric.
Lambert pulls at Ash's legs.
Ripley tearing at the controls buried in the cavity once covered by his head.
Parker's eyes bulge in pain.
Ash, headless, choking, choking, choking...
Ripley finds the wires, stabs the prod home.
Ash's grip lessens.
Another stab...electrical flash...
The grip lessens...
Another stab...flash of circuits.
The headless body collapses.
Parker trying to regain his breath.

PARKER
Damn you.

Kicks the headless body.
Lambert looks at Ripley.

LAMBERT
Tell me...What the hell's going on.

Pause.

RIPLEY X
There's only one way to find out.

PARKER X
What's that.

RIPLEY X
Wire his head back up. Ash has been protecting the Alien from the beginning. He let it on board. He let it grow inside Kane. He blew the airlock warning.

LAMBERT X
But why.

Cont.

RIPLEY
The corporation must have picked up the transmission. We happened to be the next ship going by. They put Ash on board to check it out and make sure we followed something Mother calls Special Order 937.

PARKER
Great, you got it all figured out. Now tell me why we've put this sonnofabitch together.

RIPLEY
We have to find out what else they're holding back.

Ash's head is on the table.
His eyes flicker into consciousness.

RIPLEY
Ash, can you hear me.

ASH
Yes I can.

RIPLEY
What was Special Order 937?

ASH
That's against regulations.
You know I can't tell you.

RIPLEY
Then there's no point in talking.
Parker, pull the plug.

Parker reaches for the wires.
Ash quickly reacts.

ASH
My orders, in essence, directed me to reroute the ship to the source of the signal. There we were to investigate a life form, almost certainly hostile, and bring it back for observation.
Using discretion, of course.

Cont.

LAMBERT
Why. Why didn't you warn us.

ASH
Because you might not have gone in. The shares notwithstanding.

PARKER
You and the damn company. What about our lives, man.

ASH
Expendable I'm afraid. It wasn't personal. Just the luck of the draw.

Cold comfort.

RIPLEY
The transmission was a warning.

ASH
Yes, and frighteningly specific. The derelict spacecraft landed on the planet. Like Kane, they encountered one of the Alien spores. Before they all died, they managed to set up the warning.

RIPLEY
How do we kill it.

ASH
I don't think that you can. But I still might be able to help you. I'm not exactly at my best at the moment. If you would reconnect...

RIPLEY
Nice try Ash, but no way.

ASH
You idiots. You still don't realize what you're dealing with. The Alien is a perfect organism. Superbly structured, cunning quintessentially violent. With you're limited capabilities you have no chance against it.

Cont.

LAMBERT
My God. You admire it.

ASH
How can you not admire the simple symmetry it presents. An intergalactic parasite, from time immemorial, capable of laying dormant for infinite periods. It's sole purpose to destroy other species merely to recreate itself, for life an anti-life.

PARKER
I've heard enough of this shit.

RIPLEY
We built you. You're supposed to be part of our survival equipment.

ASH
You gave me intelligence. With intellect comes the inevitability of choice. I have had the rare honour of witnessing one of those moments when a major evolutionary step is taken. Two highly successful species in immediate competition for resources and survival. I am loyal only to discovering the truth. A scientific truth demands beauty, harmony and above all simplicity. The problem between you and the Alien will produce a simple and elegant solution. Only one of you will survive.

PARKER
I say pull the plug.

LAMBERT
I agree.

Ripley starts to undo the wires.
Ash smiles.

ASH
A last word, a legacy if you will.

Ripley pauses.
Most of the wires undone.
Ash's voice slowing.

Cont.

ASH
Maybe it's intelligent. Maybe you should try to communicate with it.

RIPLEY
Did you.

ASH
Please let my grave hold some secrets.

Ripley pulls the plug.

RIPLEY
Good-bye Ash.

INT. DARK CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE 175

Ripley in the Computer Annex. Lambert and Parker enter.

RIPLEY
He's right about one thing. We've got less than twelve hours oxygen left.

PARKER
It's all over.

Gloom.

LAMBERT
I don't know about the rest of you, but I think I prefer a painless peaceful death to any of the alternatives on offer.

Cont.

RIPLEY
We're not there yet.

Lambert holds up a small card of spansules.
Suicide pills.

LAMBERT
We're not. Huh.

RIPLEY
I think we should blow up the ship.

LAMBERT
I'll stick with chemicals if you don't mind.

RIPLEY
We leave in the shuttle and then blow up the ship.

INT. CORRIDOR "B" DECK 175-A

Ripley, Parker and Lambert walk rapidly down the corridor.

RIPLEY
We're gonna get the hell off the ship and blow it up.

PARKER
And take our chances in the shuttle.

RIPLEY
Right. We'll need coolant for the life support. You round up all you can carry. I'll start preparing the shuttle.

They move out.

INT. NARCISSUS 175-AA

Ripley enters the Narcissus.
Cautious at first.
Then hurries to throw switches.
Twists her hair back as she works feverishly.
Stops as she hears Jones miaowing over the intercom.

RIPLEY
Jones...

Ripley runs out of the Narcissus, leaving doors open.

INT. BRIDGE 175-B

Jones lying on Dallas' console.
Ripley comes in.
Smiles.

RIPLEY
Jones. You're in luck.

As she reaches for him Jones jumps off the console.
Moves away.

RIPLEY
Come on, Jones.

She moves after the cat.

We hear Parker and Lambert over the communicator from the garage.

LAMBERT
(voice over)
How much do you think we'll need.

Ripley still in pursuit of the cat.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE 175-C

Parker and Lambert loading coolant cylinders.

PARKER
All you can carry.

Ripley's voice over communicator from bridge.

RIPLEY
(voice over)
Goddamn it, Jones. Come here.

INT. BRIDGE 175-D

Ripley furious but still speaking gently.

RIPLEY
Here kitty...Come here kitty...

Jones moves away.

INT. FOOD LOCKER - "B" DECK 175-E

Arms full Parker moves out of the locker.
Lambert is still making her selection.
A faint light on the tracker.
Unnoticed.

INT. BRIDGE 175-F

Ripley finally corners Jones.
Finds his box.
Tries to put him in it.
Jones resists.
Ultimately futile.

OUT 176-184

INT. FOOD LOCKER CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE 185

Parker attempts to pick up the flamethrower.
Can't manage it and the food.
Drops some of the packages.

PARKER
Goddamn.

In the locker Lambert gathers food.

LAMBERT
What's the matter.

PARKER
Nothing. Just hurry up.

The tracker flashes faster.
Now it's noticed.
Parker picks up the flamethrower.

PARKER
Let's get out of here.

LAMBERT
Right now.

The Alien appears out of the air shaft ventilator.
Lambert turns.
Screams.
Unfolding, the Alien grabs for her.

INT. BRIDGE 185-A

Ripley freezes as she hears Lambert's scream.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE FOOD LOCKER 186

Parker looks back into the locker.
Unable to use the flamethrower without hitting Lambert.
He hesitates for a moment, then strides into the locker.
Wielding the flamethrower like a club.

PARKER
Goddamn you.

INT. FOOD LOCKER 186-A

The Alien drops Lambert.
Parker lands a blow with the flamethrower.
No effect.
The Alien strikes him once.
Killing him instantly.
He now moves to Lambert.

INT. BRIDGE 187

Ripley listening on the communicator.
Lambert's dying shrieks.
Then the voice-amp goes dead.
Silence.

RIPLEY
Parker. Lambert.

She waits for a response.
But her expression shows that she expects none.
A long moment.
Expectation fulfilled.
Nightmare without end.

INT. "B" LEVEL - COMPANIONWAY 187-A

Ripley descends cautiously, holding flamethrower.
Jones left above, squalling.

INT. CORRIDOR - "B" DECK 187-B

Ripley moving warily, carrying flamethrower.
Nears entrance to food locker, looks in.
Sees carnage.

OUT 188

INT. MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL 189

Ripley running toward engine room.
Out of breath.
Exhausted she stops, gulping in air.
Suddenly, ahead of her, the sound of human weeping.

She moves quietly ahead until the source of the sound is directly under her feet.
She is standing on a round metal plate.
Ripley starts to remove the disc.

INT. UNDERCARRAIGE MAINTENANCE ROOM NUMBER 4 190

The round opening illuminates a dark ladderway.
Still carrying flamethrower, Ripley starts downwards.
Pitch black.

Cont.

Ripley arrives at deck level.
Shines her light.
Its arc reveals the Alien's lair.
Bones, shreds of flesh.
Pieces of clothing, shoes.
Bizarre extrusions on the wall.

Something moves in the darkness.
Ripley spins, turns her light toward the movement.

Hanging from the ceiling is a huge coccon.
Woven from fine, white, silk-like material.
Flamethrower ready, Ripley approaches.
Sees that the cocoon is semi-transparent.
The body of Dallas inside.

Unexpectedly, his eyes open.
FOCUS ON Ripley.
His voice is a whisper.

DALLAS
Kill me.

RIPLEY
What did it do.

Dallas moves his head slightly.
Ripley turns her light.
Another cocoon dangles from the ceiling.
But of a different texture.
Smaller and darker, with a harder shell.
Almost exactly like the ovoids in the derelict ship.

DALLAS
That was Brett...

RIPLEY
I'll get you out of there...
We'll get up the autodoc.

A long moment.
It's hopeless.

RIPLEY
What can I do.

DALLAS
Kill me.

Ripley stares at him.
Raises the flamethrower.
Sprays a molten blast.
Another blast.
The entire compartment bursts into flames.
Ripley turns and scrambles back up the ladderway.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL 191

Ripley emerges from below.
Gasps for breath.
Regains control of herself.

EXT. OUTER SPACE 192

At light speed.
The Nostromo and refinery appear to hang motionless.
Star clusters rolling past in the infinite distance.

OUT 193

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE 194

Ripley enters the power center.
Stares at the massive light-plus engines.
Approaches the main control board.
Begins closing the switches, one by one.
A long moment.

Sirens begin to honk.
Mother speaks.

MOTHER'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Attention. The cooling units for the light-plus engines are not functioning. Engines will overload in four minutes, fifty seconds...

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - "C" LEVEL 194-A

Ripley running toward "B" deck companionway.

INT. "B" LEVEL - CORRIDOR 194-B

Ripley starts toward Narcissus.
Remembers Jones.

INT. "A" TO "B" LEVELS - COMPANIONWAY 194-C

Jones howling.
In his box.
Ripley reaches up and grabs him.

INT. "B" LEVEL - CORRIDOR LEADING TO AIR LOCK 195

Ripley carrying Jones, holding flamethrower.
Jones hisses.
Fur rises.
Ripley stops, and stares down corridor toward Narcissus.
The Alien can be heard thrashing about the shuttle craft.
Ripley turns and bolts toward the engine room, leaving Jones on "B" level companionway.

INT. COMPANIONWAY INTO OILY CORRIDOR - "E" LEVEL 196

Ripley bounds down the companionway.
Her footsteps clanging metallically throughout the ship.
A final sprint towards the engine room.

MOTHER'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Attention. Engines will overload
in three minutes, twenty seconds.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CUBICLE 197

The door crashes open, Ripley comes pounding in.
The chamber filled with smoke.
Engines whining dangerously.
Ripley breaks out in perspiration from the intense heat.
She runs to the controls.
Begins throwing the cooling unit switches back into place.
The sirens continue sounding.

MOTHER'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Attention. Engines will overload
in three minutes.

Ripley pushes a button and speaks into it.

RIPLEY
Mother, I've turned all the
cooling units back on.

MOTHER'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Too late for remedial action.
The core has begun to melt.
Engines will overload in two
minutes, thirty-five seconds.

A moment.
Then Ripley turns and runs from the engine room.

INT. OILY CORRIDOR - COMPANIONWAY 198

Ripley runs back down the corridor.
Up the companionway, exhausted, stumbling...

MOTHER'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Attention. Engines will overload
in two minutes.

INT. "B" LEVEL - COMPANIONWAY 198-A

She reaches companionway.
Picks up Jones.

INT. "B" LEVEL - CORRIDOR LEADING TO NARCISSUS 199

Ripley staggers towards the air lock.
The Narcissus berthed beyond.
She drags Jones and raises the flamethrower.
Turns to see if the Creature is behind her.
Then advances down the passageway.
Goaded on by the computer.

MOTHER'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Attention. Engines will explode in ninety seconds.

She makes it to the vestibule.
Looks into the shuttle.

INT. NARCISSUS 200

Ripley scans the narrow deck...empty.

INT. VESTIBULE 201

She turns and dashes back.
Grabs the cat box.
Runs back toward the shuttle.

MOTHER'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Attention. The engines will explode in sixty seconds.

INT. NARCISSUS 202

Ripley enters on the run.
Hurls the cat box toward the front.
Dives into the control chair.
Hits the "Launch" button.

EXT. NOSTROMO - OUTER SPACE 203

The retainer clips drop away.
A blast of ram jets.
The shuttle is launched from the mother ship.

INT. NARCISSUS 204

Ripley frantically straps herself in.
G-forces from the shuttle's acceleration pulling against he:

EXT. SPACE 205

The Narcissus continues to power away from the mother ship.
The larger bulk of the Nostromo quietly receding.
All is strangely serene.

INT. NARCISSUS 206

Ripley finishes strapping herself in.
Reaches and grabs the cat box.
The cat yowling within.
Ripley hugs the box to her chest.
Hunches her head down over the container.

EXT. SPACE 207

The Nostromo drifts farther away from the shuttle-craft.
Finally becomes a small point of light.
Then it blows up.
Transforms into expanding orange fireball.
Pieces of metal flying in all directions.
And then the refinery explodes.
200,000,000 tons of gas bloating silently into the cosmos.

INT. NARCISSUS 208

The shock wave hits the shuttle-craft.
Jolting and rattling everything within.
Then all is quiet.
Ripley unhooks herself from her straps.
Rises, and goes to the back of the escape craft.
Stares out through the porthole.
Face bathed in the orange light.

EXT. SPACE 209

Pieces of debris float past.
The boiling fireball fades into nothingness.
The Nostromo has ceased to exist.

INT. NARCISSUS 210

Ripley watching the final destiny of her ship and crew mates.
A very long moment.

Then, behind her, the lethal hand emerges from deep shadow.
The Alien has been in the shuttle-craft all along.
The cat yowls.

Ripley whirls.
Finds herself facing the Creature.

Ripley's first thought is for the flamethrower.
It lies on the deck next to the Alien.
Next she glances around for a place to hide.
Her eye falls on a small locker containing a pressure suit.
The door standing open.
She begins to edge toward the compartment.
The Creature stands.
Comes for her.
Ripley dives for the open door.
Hurls herself inside.
Slams it shut.

INT. LOCKER 211

A clear glass panel in the door.
The Alien puts its head up to the window.
Peers in at Ripley.
Their faces only two inches apart.
The Alien looking at Ripley almost in curiosity.
The moaning of the cat distracts it.

INT. NARCISSUS 212

The Alien moves to the pressurized cat box.
Bends down and peers inside.
The cat yowls louder as his container is lifted.

INT. LOCKER 213

Ripley knocks on the glass.
Trying to distract the Creature from the cat.
The Alien's face is instantly back at the window.
Getting no more interference from her, the Creature returns to the cat box.
Ripley looks around.
Sees the pressure suit.
Quickly begins to pull it on.

INT. NARCISSUS 214

The Alien picks up the cat box.
Shakes it.
The cat moans.

INT. LOCKER 215

Ripley is halfway into the pressure suit.

INT. NARCISSUS 216

The Creature throws the cat box down.
Very hard.
Picks it up again.
Hammers it against the wall.
Then jams it into a crevice.
Begins to pound the container into the opening.
The cat now beyond all hysteria.

INT. LOCKER 217

Ripley pulls on the helmet, latches it into place.
Turns the oxygen valve.
With a hiss, the suit fills itself.
A rack on the wall contains a long metal rod.
Ripley peels off the rubber tip.
Revealing a sharp steel point.

INT. SPACE SUIT LOCKER 218

Ripley inhales.
Kicks the door open.

INT. NARCISSUS 219

The Creature rises.
Faces the locker.
Catches the steel shaft through its midriff.
The Alien clutches at the spear.
Yellow acid begins to flow from the wound.
Before the fluid can touch the floor...
Ripley reaches back and pulls the switch.
Blows the rear hatch.
The atmosphere in the shuttle immediately sucked into space.
The bleeding Creature along with it.
Ripley grabs a strut to keep from being pulled out.
The Alien shoots past her.
Grabs Ripley's ankle with an appendage.

EXT. NARCISSUS - OUTER SPACE 220

Ripley now hanging halfway out of the shuttle-craft.
The Alien clinging to her leg.
She kicks at it with her free foot.
The Creature holds fast.

INT. NARCISSUS 221

Ripley looks for any salvation.
Grabs the hatch lever.
Yanks it.
The hatch slams shut, closing Ripley safely inside.

EXT. NARCISSUS - OUTER SPACE 222

The Alien still outside the shuttle-craft.
Within the vacuum of space.
The tip of its appendage mashed into the closed hatch.

INT. NARCISSUS 223

Acid starts to foam along the base of the hatch.
Eats away at the metal.
Ripley stumbles forward to the controls.
Pushes the ram jet lever.

EXT. NARCISSUS - OUTER SPACE 224

The Creature struggling.
Jet exhausts located at the rear of the craft.
The engines belch flame for a few seconds.
Then shut off.
Incinerated, the Alien tumbles slowly away into space.

105
X
225

INT. NARCISSUS

Ripley hurries to the rear hatch.
Peers out through the glass.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

226

The burned mass of the Alien drifts slowly away.
Writhing, smoking.
Tumbling into the distance.
Pieces dropping off.
The shape bloats, then bursts.
Spray of particles in all directions.
Then smoldering fragments dwindle into infinity.

INT. NARCISSUS - LATER

227

Now repressurized.
Ripley is seated in the control chair.
Calm and composed, almost cheerful.
Cat purring in her lap.
She dictates into a recorder.

RIPLEY
Final report of the Commercial Starship Nostromo. Third Officer reporting. The other members of the crew...Kane, Lambert, Parker, Brett, Ash, and the Captain Dallas are dead. The cargo and the ship destroyed. I should reach the frontier in about six weeks. With a little luck the network should pick me up. This is Ripley, last survivor of the Nostromo, signing off.

She switches off.

INT. NARCISSUS

227-A

Ripley in hypersleep.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

228

The shuttle-craft Narcissus sails into the distance.

FADE OUT

THE END